To the RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

Richard More, Esq; Mayor,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

And the Rest of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the TOWN of *NORTHAMPTON*;

This Yearly BILL *of* MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILLIPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1750, to the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1751; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 5) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 7. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 3. The Meeting on the *Green* 0.

DISEASES.		Convulsion	14	Impostthume	1
Abortive, &c.	1	Dropsy	4	Mortification	1
Aged	14	Evil	1	Palsy	1
Apoplexy	2	Fevers	19	Rheumatism	1
Asthma	1	Gout in the Stomach	1	Teeth	6
Consumption	19			Thrush	2

CHRISTENED, Males 44. Females 40. Total 84.

BURIED, Males 51. Females 37. Total 88. Increased 8.

Whereof have dy'd,

Under Two Years old	30	Ten and Twenty	2	Sixty and Seventy	10
Between Two and Five	4	Twenty and Thirty	4	Seventy and Eighty	9
Five and Ten	2	Thirty and Forty	9	Eighty and Ninety	2
		Forty and Fifty	4		
		Fifty and Sixty	12		

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS.	44	40	84	51	37	88
St. SEPULCHRE's.	9	16	25	12	17	29
St. GILES's.	15	13	28	18	17	35
St. PETER's.	3	2	5	6	3	9
At the Meeting in St. *Peter's* Parish				8	6	14
In the whole Town.	71	71	142	95	80	175
	Decreased - - - 6			Increased -		- 17

THE Fair, the Bright, the Learn'd, the Great must fall;
Nipt in the Bloom of Beauty, Wit, and Youth.
We all must die! Our every Pulse that beats,
Beats towards *Eternity*, and tells our Doom.
FATE reigns in all the Portions of the Year:
The Fruits of *Autumn* feed us for Disease;
The *Winter*'s raw Inclemencies bestow
Disease or Death. While *Spring*, to strew our Hearse,
Kindly unbosoms, weeping in their Dews,
Her flow'ry Race! and *Summer*, kinder still,
With the green Turf, and Brambles, binds our Grave.
MAN, NOT ALONE, has END: In *measur'd* TIME
The Everlasting Hills shall melt away:
This solid Globe dissolve, and, like a Scroll,
Shrivel th' unfolded Curtains of the Sky;
The MOON be perish'd from her bloody Orb;
The SUN himself, in liquid Ruin, rush,
And deluge, with destroying Flames, the Globe.
If NATURE fails, on what shall MAN depend?
Depend on VIRTUE; VIRTUE LIVES FOR EVER:
FIRM in this HOPE, a CHRISTIAN looks beyond,
Or Time, or Space: He triumphs o'er *Decay*,
And fills ETERNITY, the next to GOD.

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